

# Known Cures Are Priceless Jewels For They Mean Health and Happiness.

They are real and genuine cures. That is why they are known. Such cures cannot be hidden, for they are told by one patient to another—the sort that travels by word of mouth. Every Patient Using the Velpau Treatment is Grateful, because they have something to be grateful for. Every patient tells the simple and convincing story of their cure and many volunteer the public use of their names for the good of humanity. We furnish and give you proofs, not promises, of what we state. We know you have tried antiquated physicians and their medicines, who doctored your symptoms, and consequently you found them failures. This is an age of progress, and while the Velpau Treatment gives you wonderful results, yet they are as real as the sun, and therefore unquestionable facts. What the Velpau System of Medicine Has Accomplished for Others Can Be Done Equally as Well for You.

## How Patients Treated by the Velpau System of Medicine Talk.

### Deafness and Ringing of Ear Cured.

M. Flannery, 1430 Crown avenue, was treated only a few weeks ago for loss of hearing in the right ear. Could not hear a watch tick when pressed tightly to the ear, nor hear the least sound. Ear entirely cured, hearing restored and sounds that were more than distressing have entirely ceased. Am now taking treatment for bronchial asthma, and expect prompt results from the present condition already secured.

### Intense Suffering from Facial Eczema Cured.

David Boran, 1305 Diamond avenue, says: "I could not sleep at night from the intense itching and burning which accompanied my disease and I began to get melancholy from the same. I tried every remedy advertised, besides treating with a dozen doctors without any relief whatever." After a few weeks treatment by the Velpau consulting physician the disease was

checked and within one month entirely cured. No one knows the misery which accompanies a disease such as I had unless they personally experience the same. It is highly gratifying, therefore, for me to recommend the Velpau Treatment and no sufferer should neglect this valuable opportunity to consult and get promptly cured by the Velpau system of medicine."

### What a Grateful Father Says

William Linney, 12 West Market street—After having used all remedies and tried the best physicians for my daughter, Laura, I went hopelessly to Velpau System of Medicine, and I cannot praise too highly the Velpau Treatment. My child suffered for years with an ulcerative condition of nose and throat and part of the palate was entirely destroyed, and the poor child was eating more puny every week and her speech was gradually but surely being lost. However, in a few weeks treatment by the Velpau System of Medicine was conquered and her recovery assured. No one knows

how to appreciate true misery until one of their own is pronounced incurable, therefore doubly happy am I to recommend the Velpau System of Medicine to all who suffer.

### Cannot Praise Too Highly.

Mrs. Mann, 1043 Diamond avenue—I cannot say too much in praise of the Velpau System of Medicine, my parents and relatives were surprised to note the rapid cure which was surely being effected. I had to wear a cap continually, the sight of the large ulcerated condition was simply disgusting. I truthfully consider my recovery little short of a miracle.

### A Prominent Citizen Says.

It is truly gratifying to state that the results accomplished in my case were simply without equal. I had been troubled for years with so-called nasal catarrh, with all the distressing symptoms. My cure was accomplished more rapidly than I expected. I advise all to consult the Velpau System, knowing only best of results will be the reward.—G. Seegrist, 207 Wyoming avenue.

A. Patterson, who is widely known here, says: I heartily endorse the Velpau physician, knowing him to be an honorable, upright man, who does all he claims for his many patients. Have needed his services a number of times and in each instance the results were effective and prompt. The terms were very reasonable. Why is people suffer, when such positive aid is at hand, is due to lack of confidence or ignorance, both of which are deplorable in illness.

### John Lyons, Throop, Pa., Says

I certainly went to the Velpau System of Medicine a hopeless man, having tried everything recommended, besides many physicians. My entire nasal canal was destroyed, and the sense of smell lost. Every one of my acquaintances knew of my pitiable condition and sympathized with me, believing, as I did, that I was doomed. After my application to the entire case was completely conquered. No sufferer should neglect to secure the professional services of the Velpau System of Medicine. I know that the doctor will tell them at once just

what ails them, and cure them, for a very reasonable consideration.

### Enjoys Health Once More.

Mrs. N. Falkenberg, 327 Penn avenue, says: I had been suffering for a long time with Chronic Bronchial Trouble, and recently could not leave the house on account of being so weak from the incessant cough. After one month's treatment, I am feeling like a different woman, cough entirely ceased, am gaining strength and weight daily, and enjoy once again that priceless blessing, Health, thanks to the Velpau System of Medicine.

### Housework, Formerly Drudgery, Now a Pleasure. Mrs. Carlen Says

Mrs. L. M. Carlen, 530 Gibson street—It is with pleasure that I attest to the remarkable results obtained in my

case, as I had been constantly annoyed by a drooping, hawking and irritation in the throat. Am now cured and feel like a different woman, thanks to the Velpau System of Medicine. No one should neglect to consult the Velpau physician when such prompt relief can be had at such reasonable terms. My recovery of health and vigor gained both in weight and strength, and I now delight in my housework, which was formerly a drudgery.

### Inflamed and Sore Eyes.

Mrs. J. Welsh, Gilmore avenue, Minooka, Pa., says: "My daughter suffered for years with chronic sore eyes. I tried everything in vain. After a week's treatment her eyes began to show rapid improvement and her complete recovery assured. I cannot say enough in praise of the Velpau System of Medicine, for the results obtained so rapidly as well as reasonably.

## All Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Chest Treated Free of Charge. Every Sufferer Welcome.

Patients are as welcome and will be as carefully and conscientiously treated as if they were paying for each visit. Not One Cent Will Be Accepted for Consultation, Medicine, or Trial Treatment, or for any reason whatever from any new patient.

Permanently Located at 134 WYOMING AVENUE, Opposite Hotel Jermyn, Scranton, Pa. HOURS—9.30 a. m. to 12.30 p. m.; 2.30 p. m. to 6 p. m. 7.30 to 9.30 p. m.

# The Velpau System of Medicine

## QUAKLEY SLOPE.

BY JOHN H. FARRELL.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

ASTER Sunday had just gone by. Two young men, cousins, and apparently of the same age, were on their way home from a ball. It was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning.

Although they were thus closely related, they had not spoken to one another for some time. This morning they did, but not kindly.

They met on the brow of a hill near the Quakley cave holes. Several acres in this neighborhood, was fairly honeycombed. These holes were all sizes, from a few feet across to a hundred; round, oblong, three-cornered, and of every conceivable shape. Some were shallow, some very deep and open, and grim-looking at the bottom.

One, in particular, was to be dreaded and shunned. Few—very few—approached this one, which seemed to have been left as it was—ready to swallow man or beast from the world forever.

These two men, George and Harry Trescove, were brothers' children. They lived a few hundred yards apart, along the edge of the mountain, but from the Quakley breaker, in the "long row" of company houses. They were twenty in number.

In that neighborhood none were fit to brag of—the most miserable looking gathering of board shanties imaginable.

When these two young men met at the "Knob," as the place was called, George was inclined to go on by himself; but it was not the intention of Harry to let him go. Harry was robust, square, and very heavy-set—a good chunk of a man. Entirely different was his cousin, in fact, almost the reverse, yet smart as a whip, and in every way, but strength, equal to Harry.

In truth, he was far more polite, and for such was better treated; and admired by the prettiest girl in the "long row."

This was, virtually, the only known thing that ever came between them, they really had nothing else to quarrel about.

George was disposed to be peaceable, and Harry possessed the qualities and nature of a bully, and felt like shaking his cousin when he met him.

The paths they were on crossed at this particular point. It would have been shorter for Harry to keep on the path he was, than to have taken George's.

This he did in order to have it out with him. "You were at the ball tonight, Skinnny, eh? Why didn't you take Agnes? I heard you were going to."

"That's my affair. I don't inquire into your business. I wish you to keep your own road. I don't care to have anything to do with you."

"Ah! How musical and sweet your words are. Do you use that particular tone when addressing Aggie? I know she likes it, for I heard her say so. I wish I were so charming as you, and could have cut such a fine figure at the ball. How would you like me to write a little note to your sweetheart and tell her a thing or two that took place tonight?"

"Do it if you please. I would rather you to show your spleen in that way than to be continually nagging at me; don't hold me up any longer. I want to go home! I must be to work at 5."

"You say it nicely! But I will have something to say whether you go to work at 5 or not. You see all these cave holes! Has it ever occurred to you what could happen in this place? It has not the intention of Harry to do any bodily harm to George, although he hinted much. What he said was sufficient to scare him, who made a bolt to the right, not thinking of what he was going, and was soon out of sight.

Harry did not undertake to follow him, but returned to his own path, and passed on home. George did not reach home that morning. Little was thought of this though, for he had a host of friends and might have been induced to stay for a day, or two with any of them. But, after the lapse of a week, and he not returning, his folks became alarmed and started out and immediately made inquiries from all whom they knew concerning his disappearance.

Harry had, of late, been away twice, but was now at home and in every way possible, was insisting on Agnes to show reciprocal affection. It was his desire to get married and move away, so as to live down a memory.

But moving and deserting the old folks Agnes would not consent. She hesitated about getting married, poor, for she had no love for her suitor, and felt as if she never could; she often told him so in an indirect way, which he failed to understand, or would not. She had thought, she felt sometimes, truly, yet dared not profess.

Finally, after consultation, persuasion and advice of her mother, who felt that her daughter was getting a worthy man in Harry, Agnes consented, and heaved a sigh of relief, and yet she wept and sobbed bitterly at intervals.

She seemed to have something on her mind to say, and would not, or could not, express it. Finally she bathed her face, and said to her mother, "I will go out for a walk; it will do me good, I think. You can make an apology to Harry, when he comes, for my absence. Don't tell him where I am, if you know. I only wish to have Katie along, if you can spare her for a few hours."

Katie was her smallest sister. The miners, so far, had gone through the entire workings; but one place remained to be searched—the abandoned gangway. This was the last!

Milton Trescove, with sad recollection, entered upon his duty. One day, about a month after, Mr. Trescove was made outburst boss, a man was seen in an awful hurry coming out of the slope; it was near three o'clock in the afternoon. It was nothing remarkable to see a man go out at this hour, or any during working hours, but it was his frightened appearance and distressed look that attracted attention.

"That's the matter with Brenner?" said one to another. "He was the answer. When Brenner got home he was shaking like a leaf from fright, and half of the people of the 'long row' were soon standing around his place up and down the gangway. Another took it out of his wits, and, judging from the paroxysms of his mental frenzy, they all came to the conclusion the man had suddenly become crazy, and dropped the whole thing at that.

This seemed to be a sad state of affairs. Nick Brenner, who laughed and chaffed at the idea of a ghost, to be at last so overcome by the delusion. What was the world coming to?

Brenner never returned to work. After his recovery from the fright he became so thoroughly disgusted with himself for the way he acted that he moved away.

No reports of the ghost, for weeks, were made after the Brenner incident, till one morning a miner noticed curious chalk marks in his place. He called in others, and together they held consultation. The same curious marks were found scrawled in other breasts and in gangways.

The week following this new phase, the other peculiar incidents began unfolding. By this time the bravest were thoroughly alarmed, and it looked as if the mine was to be deserted in another week, if something was not done quickly.

The miners were acting so slowly that it seemed the worst would come to come; but, before going out one day, they met at the foot of the slope, and, after a long talk, considerable wrangling and jangling, formed themselves into a committee of searchers, with the determination of going through the mine, new and old, "ghost or no ghost."

The next day was the one set for the marriage of Harry and Agnes, "to take place at eight p. m."

Most of the young men and some of the old were invited, by card, to be present at the ceremony, and to enjoy a hospitable meal, to be prepared for the occasion.

None of the young men wanted to be absent, and so manifested it at the meeting. The conclusion reached by the miners was: "On tomorrow we search the entire mine."

The names were all taken down by the "boss," and a board of three appointed, to see that no "man" was absent. They were to move in a body. This step was important, and could not be postponed, nor helped on account of the wedding, though it might pre-

vent some from being present and enjoying a good time. In the morning every man answered to his name. The investigation began early, and search was being made according to plans. The men were all in excellent spirits.

At the house of Mr. Joice everything was being put in readiness as fast as possible for the marriage. By three the main details were carried out, and the guests were all assembled. A score of helpers were glad and willing to enjoy a "few minutes' rest."

The report was current since noon that the ghost was seen and located, and would be driven out or caught. Sounds of people were standing about the slope, discussing what was going on inside.

Before the middle of the afternoon hundreds of strangers were on the ground. There was a day of anticipation and doubt.

Agnes had not been seen by anyone but her mother and a few intimate friends since the middle of the forenoon. It took all of these to pacify her and keep back her tears. No reaction of grief, and yet she wept and sobbed bitterly at intervals.

She seemed to have something on her mind to say, and would not, or could not, express it. Finally she bathed her face, and said to her mother, "I will go out for a walk; it will do me good, I think. You can make an apology to Harry, when he comes, for my absence. Don't tell him where I am, if you know. I only wish to have Katie along, if you can spare her for a few hours."

Katie was her smallest sister. The miners, so far, had gone through the entire workings; but one place remained to be searched—the abandoned gangway. This was the last!

Milton Trescove, with sad recollection, entered upon his duty. One day, about a month after, Mr. Trescove was made outburst boss, a man was seen in an awful hurry coming out of the slope; it was near three o'clock in the afternoon. It was nothing remarkable to see a man go out at this hour, or any during working hours, but it was his frightened appearance and distressed look that attracted attention.

"That's the matter with Brenner?" said one to another. "He was the answer. When Brenner got home he was shaking like a leaf from fright, and half of the people of the 'long row' were soon standing around his place up and down the gangway. Another took it out of his wits, and, judging from the paroxysms of his mental frenzy, they all came to the conclusion the man had suddenly become crazy, and dropped the whole thing at that.

This seemed to be a sad state of affairs. Nick Brenner, who laughed and chaffed at the idea of a ghost, to be at last so overcome by the delusion. What was the world coming to?

Brenner never returned to work. After his recovery from the fright he became so thoroughly disgusted with himself for the way he acted that he moved away.

No reports of the ghost, for weeks, were made after the Brenner incident, till one morning a miner noticed curious chalk marks in his place. He called in others, and together they held consultation. The same curious marks were found scrawled in other breasts and in gangways.

The week following this new phase, the other peculiar incidents began unfolding. By this time the bravest were thoroughly alarmed, and it looked as if the mine was to be deserted in another week, if something was not done quickly.

The miners were acting so slowly that it seemed the worst would come to come; but, before going out one day, they met at the foot of the slope, and, after a long talk, considerable wrangling and jangling, formed themselves into a committee of searchers, with the determination of going through the mine, new and old, "ghost or no ghost."

The next day was the one set for the marriage of Harry and Agnes, "to take place at eight p. m."

Most of the young men and some of the old were invited, by card, to be present at the ceremony, and to enjoy a hospitable meal, to be prepared for the occasion.

None of the young men wanted to be absent, and so manifested it at the meeting. The conclusion reached by the miners was: "On tomorrow we search the entire mine."

This miserable being was almost naked, and the clothes that were on him were in tatters. His feet were bare, cut and bleeding. His head, from the lack of care, was a fright—a great mass of tangled hair, nearly covering his face.

Evidently, they all thought, some poor, crazy wretch that by some means, found access to the mine. Was there ever a parallel?

The news was carried outside, and became current. Shortly the whole population surrounded the mouth of the slope.

Ropes—very strong ones—had to be stretched from the slope to the boiler house, in order to allow the men who were bearing the poor unfortunate man on a litter of rough boards, room to pass.

Harry Trescove, for the past two weeks, was out of the district, and knew nothing of what was going on. He just arrived and was at this time in the home of Agnes; he was astonished to see no one around, he was pleased though, and smiled to himself, at beholding the great preparation for his approaching marriage. Before going out he wrote a short note, stating he would be back in a half hour.

While he was crossing a short piece of trestling, that spanned a water way, he saw the vast gathering of people; not knowing the cause of the excitement, he changed his mind, and instead of going home, he hurried to the slope.

Agnes had been with the crowd nearly from the time she left the house with Katie. She was eager for the news and listened to and watched everything going on. She seemed to get so excited at times that she was thought to be laboring under an aberration of the mind.

Agnes was standing at the boiler house apparently in deep thought. Harry pushed his way through the throng to her side. He noticed how strangely she looked; he tried to induce her to go home. She seemed not to notice him. He took hold of her by the shoulder and she broke from his grasp, and pushed by the guards to the stretcher. All eyes were on her.

The man was muttering, she leaned forward to catch his words; suddenly, dropping on her knees, she threw her arms across his breast and shouted "George! George!"

Here was a scene that all were watching. Presently the dying man made an effort to rise, and loudly and plainly enough to be understood, he answered, "Agnes! This is his last word, and evidently the knell of his parting breath."

Agnes fell prostrate across the body and cried out excitedly "George! George!" Then turning to where Harry stood, continued: "Harry, bring me back George! You alone are responsible—Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

The climax was bewildering and exciting. All eyes turned to where Harry was last seen, but he was not there. A number shouted "Hang him! hang him!" The shouting increased and grew louder; and it would not have been well for him had they laid hands on his person.

Kind and sympathetic hands bore the excited girl to her home. Milton Trescove was given possession of his dead son.

It was a picture of grief, never to be forgotten, to see that father, weeping like a child over the remains of a once promising and dearly beloved child.

Mr. Joice did all that could possibly be done for his daughter. Agnes never recovered her former state of mind. The scene in the boiler house was ever before her, she was finally placed in an asylum.

Harry Trescove was met in Denver, a year later, and he kept his secret—denied knowing anything of George after he left the ball.

"The Quakley ghost story is 20 years old, said in the mine of some who lived in the 'long row' it is as fresh as ever.

## GERMAN EVERY DAY LIFE

### WORK AND HARMLESS RECREATION SENSIBLY DIVIDED.

### How the People Enjoy Their Leisure Hours at Public Resorts—Restaurants of Berlin.

Berlin Correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.

In gathering information and experience with regard to every-day life in Germany much depends upon your purpose of sojourning in that country. For the study of music there are cities of Berlin, Dresden and Leipzig; for that of art, Munich, Dusseldorf and Karlsruhe, in addition to the former.

For special pursuits of technology, science or law numerous towns offer advantages in schools and universities. For acquiring the language in its purity northern Germany is preferable, but if a little grammar and phraseology is all you desire southern Germany may do.

For the romantic there are the cities along the Rhine, in the Thuringian and Black forests. To those who love art for the enjoyment it affords the choice is limited to the capitals of the kingdoms which form the German empire.

### Labor and Rest.

The sun rises the same all over Germany, so that the early morning experiences will be the same in every place. A little before or a little after 6 you will rise, for at 7 the business of the day is well started. By 10.30 or 11 it has progressed far enough to admit of an intermission for the refreshment of the day's business is over and everybody is on the streets to stay there for an hour or more before going home, or to the theater, or concert hall, or public garden. Supper is commonly eaten in some restaurant or cafe.

### Table D'Hotel.

Wherever the American goes his taste is catered to, but he gets only the German interpretation of American food. At hotels he is expected to order beefsteak for breakfast, at pensions he is given oatmeal and eggs. He also is sure of an abundant dinner and supper. Dinner, however, is always supplied according to the national standard, that is, say, entirely or almost entirely in German, with a few touches of French. This meal lasts an hour and a half. It occurs at 1 or 2 o'clock, and interferes seriously with the business and enjoyment of the day. There are soup, fish, meat, with vegetables, an entire, game or chicken, with salad and compot, a pudding or ice, fruits, cheese, bread and butter, grapes, etc. You may omit any course you please, but you gain no time by that, for you must sit the meal through, and the courses come between long intervals. If you have passed one course you grow hungry waiting for the next, and you have a good opportunity for the exercising of patience and profiting colloquial philosophy and courteous conversation with your neighbors.

American manners will do for table d'hotel provided they are supplemented by the adoption of certain German formalities. Before taking your seat you bow to the waiter, opposite and beside you. During the meal you converse with them to your heart's content and at the end of the meal you bow again to those about you after having said: "Mahzelt!" (an abbreviation of the phrase, "Guten Appetit Mahzelt," or in English, "God bless your meal!")

### Restaurant Life.

Next to table d'hotel restaurant life is the proper and most interesting course for those wishing to indulge in and become used to the real German way of existence. The length of the experience differs according to the police regulations and the social customs of the place.

Restaurant life generally begins at 7 o'clock in the evening, and everywhere in Berlin it goes on all night.

Those who make it their regular habit must try to catch the first car home in the morning—that is, if they are in condition to catch anything.

The crowd is greatest and most interesting just after the places of amusement close between 10 o'clock and midnight. For every class, for every purse, the restaurants and the cafes are wide open. The difference between the two places is that at the former a regular meal may be had a la carte, or certain dishes supplied forming a regular supper, while at the latter only the slightest refreshment with drink are served. The cuisines of all nationalities and the beverages of all countries form the attraction at many of these public resorts. There is no person of any land or clime who cannot go to the restaurant or cafe when his cook is out or his fancy suits him to charm his palate and supply his cravings for his favorite dishes and drinks. With women it is different. In the cities they cannot go to these places without male company. They may, however, go unattended to the confectioner's to get something to eat.

### Outing Suppers.

The sooner one frees his mind of the idea that the restaurant is a practical feature of the American restaurant, cafe or hotel are found in the same places in Germany, the sooner one will be able to enjoy the reality. The first and general impression is one of wonderment if one has not gotten into the wrong place. There is always a porter, or doorkeeper, in livery, who greets you with his "Guten Abend" as he swings the glass door open to admit you.

There are signs on all of the suburban streets that tell you to pull or to push, so that two people, one on either side of the door, need not run into danger by unexpected collisions. There may be a sign, "Garderobe frei" or "Garderobe," if "Garderobe" meaning your own hat, coat, and overcoat and hang it on a peg for nothing or hand it over to one or two women in exchange for a number and have it hung up on a special peg and taken care of for 2 cents. Not to disarrange one's own hat, coat, and overcoat or wraps generally are free, and in this case instead of being compelled to leave them at the door you can wear them until you have found and selected a table, near which there is sure to be a place for storing them. In the evening this arrangement gives you the impression as though supper were being served in a wardrobe.

Some of the restaurants are large, simple rooms; others are a series of small rooms, each with a table at the entrance of each. Their innumerable tables are very small and close to each other. Those near the walls have sofas along one side, supplying seats for distinguished lady guests, but the rest are plain, and usually decorated, are rather plain, but neat and scrupulously clean. You get waited on when you can secure the waiter's eye. You are never directly or indirectly urged to take anything, and your orders are promptly and politely executed. When the men finish eating they light their cigars or cigarettes, and the longer you remain the dinner grow the outlines and figures of your neighbors.

### Late Hours.

Whenever it seems time to go home and you are ready to depart something fresh will be ordered, and, of course, you cannot leave. By 10.30 tables are at a premium. The only way to secure one is to hypnotize some party or tip a waiter. Tables in restaurants are, however, more easily secured at that time than in a cafe, especially in Berlin.

It is a common fashion in Berlin to go to a cafe for a cup of coffee, with its glass of cognac, and then to drink your beer or wine at the restaurant where you have had supper. After making yourself comfortable you will sit at a table until you suddenly realize that if you want to return home while the night is not quite passed you had better make a start. You may or may not have spent much money for food and drinks, but the tips will surely amount to 2 or 3 marks. Not a great outlay, perhaps, for a long evening's outing and amusements, if you have caught enough of the spirit of the people about you to understand and to enjoy the cultivating and cheering finale of a German day spent in honest work and harmless recreation.

The newly made father was impulsive, "Martha," he exclaimed, "let's call him 'Dare!' he's such an insignificant little cuss. It was more amusing than taffel and cost two honey and a L'Aiglon coat.—Philadelphia Press.

### He Never Returned.

"I've ever again you, that that word 'she' in stead of 'it,' I shall consider it to be a personal insult!" resumed Reinhold's sweetheart, "I very much, in my opinion, to use the same word for ships and such things as you do for ladies."

"But, my dear," protested Reinhold, "every one does it, and I don't see why you should look it in that light."

"I don't care what you see or don't see!" cried the furious young lady. "I object to it!" "I think there is good reason for it in some cases," said Reinhold. "A locomotive, at any rate, is rightly called 'she.'"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the girl, putting on a weather-cock, looking seemed to say—"Next week I'll be glad to depart before trying. Then he said: "Because it makes such a horrible noise when it tries to whistle."—London Answers.